



LODI

# LODI HISTORIAN

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## *The DeForce Sisters*

*by Maurice Hill*

A separate chapter is due the DeForce sisters, two of Lodi's most unusual women. Years ahead of their time, Gertie DeForce Cluff and her sister, Laura DeForce Gordon carved out careers ordinarily followed exclusively by men. Their early belief in the so-called liberation of women was not only an idea entertained but was put into definite action. Each of these extraordinary and intelligent ladies has left to Lodi's heritage an added claim to fame. Each made a contribution without which Lodi would be poorer today. Their early adventures into a so-called man's world has not its equal in Lodi's history. Their names and accomplishments will never be forgotten as long as there is a Lodi.

Gertie DeForce was born in Pennsylvania the daughter of Abram and Catherine Allen DeForce. The family name came from De La Force, an ancient Huguenot appellation of French-German extraction. She was said to be one of a family of nine children. Unfortunately, very little has been recorded about her background.

Maurice Hill interviewed her two grandnieces, the late Mrs. Norma Posey and the late Mrs. Mildred Wilson. Neither could tell much about Mrs. Cluff. Mrs. Posey recalls her great aunt as a small wiry woman of great energy. She mentions that as Gertie DeForce she married George Cluff and that they had several children. She claimed that Mrs. Cluff was the support of the family. She was extremely indulgent with her children, never refusing them anything. She would say to them when they asked for certain things, "Yes, you can have it as soon as I have the time or the money to get it." Norma Posey didn't recall

ever seeing a photograph of Gertie Cluff. She came to Lodi in 1875.

Very little, indeed is known of the personal life of Mrs. Cluff. It is known that her mother passed away December 27, 1883 and her father in 1884.

However, much can be learned about this talented lady by a study of her publications and from the reviews of other editors of her era as well as a few reminiscences of old-timers.

Gertie DeForce Cluff has the distinction of being Lodi's first newspaper publisher. A woman to boot!

On July 20, 1878, "The Valley Review" made its debut in Lodi. From the San Joaquin County directory of 1878 is the following:

"The Valley Review is the title of a handsomely printed weekly published at Lodi, San Joaquin County. Mrs. Gertie DeForce Cluff, editor and proprietor. It is devoted to the agricultural and general local interest of the town and the Northern portion of the county. It evinces good literary taste and spritely journalistic talent."

The Valley Review was a folio nineteen inches in length, thirteen inches wide with five columns to a page. There was seldom local news on the front page, the space being devoted to items from other papers, articles of travel, etc. Only two of the eight-page paper was devoted to local affairs. There was considerable advertising by Lodi merchants on most of the pages. Sometimes advertisements were inserted sideways.

Gertie DeForce Cluff got a patent on a device she invented which she called Cluff's Garment Fastener.

"For fastening gent's sox to drawers, drawers to suspenders, shirt or inside seam of pants, looping up shirt sleeves, fastening cuffs, holding neckware to shirt bosom, etc. Also for ladies, misses or infants' toilet. Ladies and children's hose supporters, fastening direct to corset and skirt. Manufactured in seven sizes: small ones for ladies and children's clothes, second size for clothespins, drying grapes, fastening horse blankets, decorating show windows, pavilions. Large size



*An advertising card of the Cluff Factory.*



of spring steel for lightening guy ropes and clotheslines.

In one of the issues of The Valley Review, Mrs. Cluff complained about a condition which existed on the corner of Sacramento and Pine streets between the hotel and the railroad station. In rainy weather this area was flooded with water and a plank-bridging had to be placed over the spot in order for ladies to cross. As Mrs. Cluff put it, "The frogs looked up and blushed everytime the ladies crossed over the spot."

The late Mr. Ollie Smith described Mrs. Cluff as a short, smart, energetic woman who was "full of pep." Maurice's aunt, the late Daisy M. Pleas concurred with Mr. Smith's description adding that she was a plain looking person.

As a child, Maurice Hill often noticed the large glass-covered shadow-box picture frame containing a flower cross made of feathers which hung on the wall in my parent's bedroom.

After many years, when the glass became broken, the frame and contents were consigned to the attic. It wasn't until he started research work on the history of Lodi that he asked his aunt about this relic. To his surprise she informed him that Gertie DeForce Cluff made the feather cross and brought it to Hill's Jewelry store where she presented it to his father. Mr. Hill made the shadow-box frame and lined it with white material and then secured the feather cross inside. His interest was immediately aroused and he restored this historic treasure to the best of his ability, allowing for some loss of feathers and damage by moths, the result was more pleasing than he had anticipated. The restored work of Mrs. Cluff and his father now hangs again in the Hill residence.

The first Cluff home in Lodi was next door to the first Hill jewelry store and residence on the S.E. corner of Pine and School streets. Later, the Cluffs built their home on the N.W. corner of Church and Lockeford streets.

The Valley Review was a success and evidently Mrs. Cluff became so enthused that she started a daily paper titled, "The Daily Review." This was indeed a short-lived publication, for in the second issue dated December 19, 1878, Mrs. Cluff had a sudden and surprising announcement. "We had to issue a daily paper for. . .well, never

*This Receipt entitles the holder to a chance in the Silver Tea Set and Sewing Machine.*

No. 628 Lodi, May 1 1880.

Received from Mrs. Sarah Ivory  
Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, for one year's subscription from date to THE VALLEY REVIEW, a weekly newspaper published at Lodi, Cal.

GERTIE DE FORCE CLUFF, Editor and Proprietor.

To be sent to

Lodi -

Per G. F. Cluff

*This Receipt entitles the holder to a chance in the Silver Tea Set and Sewing Machine.*

No. 457 Lodi, Aug 1 1880.

Received from Mrs. G. M. Doll  
Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, for one year's subscription from date to THE VALLEY REVIEW, a weekly newspaper published at Lodi, Cal.

GERTIE DE FORCE CLUFF, Editor and Proprietor.

Paid by C. O. Ivory, Lodi

To be sent to

Stockton

Per Mrs. Cluff

First Receipt to Sarah Ivory; signed by George F. Cluff, husband and business manager.

Second Receipt to Mrs. G.M. Doll, Stockton; paid for by C.O. Ivory and signed by Mrs. Gertie Cluff.

mind how long, but after fishing around all day for a bit of gossip or morsel of news that would be new to the general reader, we have concluded, with this issue, to abandon or suspend for the present at least.

Lodi's first daily paper was a two-column folio about eight inches in length by five in width.

I am reproducing from "The Daily Review" the "Local Catechisms of 1878."

Who is Lodi's wealthiest merchant? Charley Rich. Who is the highest merchant? George Hill. Who is the most popular to meet? Butcher Smith. Is railroad agent Kopp or his dog the fattest? His setter of course. Who boasts a name of feminine gender? Jimmy Ella-son. Who is the best male cook in town? Jake Baker. Who is the most prodigal? Host Spencer.

Years ago in the 1950's, Ollie Smith,

son of W.D. Smith, Lodi's first meat market proprietor, told me that "The Valley Review" was located upstairs in the chambers building on Sacramento Street. He claimed to be the "printer's devil" who rolled the type on an old fashioned press. However, the paper announced on August 20, 1881 that the Review printing office had been moved to the front rooms of the building occupied by Cluff & Smith.

By October 1, 1881 the paper reported that Mr. Cluff was having a two-story home erected on his place near the Congregational church. And by October 22nd the family had moved into their new residence.

In December of 1881 it was reported that the "Valley Review" was constructing a printing office next to the Harvey Smith building on Main Street. It was to be known as the New Review Building. The location or headquarters



of "The Valley Review" is given as Main Street. In the early days, Sacramento Street was spoken of in this manner.

In 1882 the paper carried the information that George Cluff, Mrs. Cluff's husband, was acting as business manager.

The subscription price for the weekly for one year was \$2.50 — six months, \$1.50. It was headed with this caption: "We help those who help us!" By 1883 this paper claimed the largest circulation of any weekly in San Joaquin County.

George Cluff was credited with being the editor of the local news column. Also in 1883 Mrs. Cluff states that "We hope we shall not be accused of exaggeration when we say we have received 1883 calendars."

The Valley Review advertised that it did more job printing than any County office in the state.

Incidentally, in 1883 Lodi had three newspapers: The Valley Review, the Lodi Sentinel and the Maverick.

The Valley Review, issue dated February 28, 1883, contained the following clever bit of advertising evidently the product of Mrs. Cluff's creative brain:

"Valley news a specialty—  
All the people want it.  
Latest important news—  
Lively local items—  
Every selection entertaining.

Yet it is only \$2.50 a year.  
Review of the county's progress—  
Enterprises, entertainments, etc.—  
Very best local paper  
In San Joaquin County  
Extensive circulation  
With the farmers."

When news items were scarce, space fillers such as poems, jokes and reprints from other papers were used.

Following is an example of Mrs. Cluff's poetry which was written for the Stockton Leader:

#### WINTER IN SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY

By Gertie DeForce Cluff

The winter days have shorter grown,  
And through the valley wide  
The steps of Morn are tripping on  
The heels of eventide.  
Above us, in the morning sun,  
Diablo's feathery crest,  
Now uniformed in ermine robes  
Stands sentinel in the west.  
The Sierra Nevada's snow-crowned head,  
Our eastern vision fills,  
While scarves of fog are mantling  
The shoulders of the hills.  
Mokelumne, that once clearly ran  
O'er shifting sands of gold,  
Now, from the mountain's shafted sides  
In murky billows roll.  
'Neath tangled hedge rows, tawny brown,  
The meek-eyed rabbits hide.  
The quail's shrill whistle to his mate  
Is heard on every side.  
The mistletoe, from oaken boughs,

Hangs thick in chapparral,  
And veils of moss from tree to tree  
Are waving in the dell.  
Myriad of birds fill the air,  
Or sing in orchard bowers.  
Their sweet songs are a prophecy  
Of coming fruits and flowers.  
The sun that shone but for an hour,  
With clouds is overcast,  
And flitting shadows run a race  
Upon the tender grass.  
No lightning flash or thunder peal  
Gives warning of the rain;  
But sudden clouds pour out their flood  
O'er all the darkened plain.  
The night wind blowing, bleak and cold,  
Above the budding sod,  
All, all proclaim the power  
and omnipotence of God.

The above stanzas were written in 1875 previous to the advent of The Valley Review.

In 1884 Mrs. Cluff comments, "The Review contains a larger number of items and more original local matter than any country paper in the state."

Mrs. Cluff was never backward in coming forward with praise for her paper. Her "pen" could become caustic at times in down-grading her competitive editors and publishers as well as ridiculing and criticizing when she felt so inclined. Editors in those early days spoke their minds freely without fear of the possibility of being sued for libel. Some of Mrs. Cluff's remarks to-day would no doubt bring about more



Looking North on School Street from Pine Street, 1905. Van Buskirk building is on the right.





*Sacramento Street with Ruhstaller's Saloon on the left and Hotel Lodi on the right.*

than the lifting of eyebrows.

As an example of early editorial license, Mrs. Cluff refers to one publication as "The Swill Tub." She adds, "The Swill Tub says a skillet means a warming pan. Everybody knows what a swill tub means." In the same year of 1884 she writes: "That story in a Stockton paper about a Lodi newspaper office being robbed of \$40.00 is quite thin. The idea of a Lodi editor having \$40.00!"

In 1884 The Valley Review gave a reprint from a newspaper — name omitted: "Gertie DeForce Cluff, editor of The Valley Review paid our office a friendly visit one day last week. The Review has been a success. This success, coupled with the fact that, in addition to her editorial and business duties, Mrs. Cluff has had the care of a family on her hands, speaks volumes for woman's ability to compete with her fellow man in all the ordinary walks of life. This noble woman has but recently suffered the loss of a father, mother and brother. In this affliction she has won our sincere sympathy."

On July 15, 1884 there appeared in The Valley Review this summation of the paper's activity and progress to date: "With this issue the Review steps into volume seven. Six years ago we started the Review as a business venture, comparatively unknown, with few friends and less money. However, we have worked along all these years earnestly and conscientiously devoting our time to the interest of the people of the valley and advertising patrons till a grand success has been achieved, the present prosperity of the Review plainly tells. Thanking our many friends for their words of encouragement and patronage, we promise the forthcoming volume to be all its predecessors have been. We shall, in the future, be independent in politics, and the best live local newspaper in this county."

In the Valley Review of August, 20, 1884 was an item concerning William H. Marshall, former publisher of the Lodi Maverick: "Lodi was stirred to its depths Sunday, and Mr. William Marshall of The Stockton Weekly Maverick (the paper formerly of Lodi) was the

first cause of the excitement. To be plain in the matter, "He has gone and done it" being married to Miss Lilla Gove at the house of the bride's parents on the aforesaid morning, and started off for Stockton on the noon train. A large number of Lodi's inhabitants were at the station to see the happy couple off. We acknowledge the receipt of a package of cake with the compliments of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall. We wish them all success in life."

Strange to relate, after the article in The Valley Review on July 15th in which Mrs. Cluff promises "The forthcoming volume to be all its predecessors have been," Mrs. Cluff abruptly makes the announcement on August 20, 1884 that "this is the last issue of The Valley Review with Gertie DeForce Cluff as editor and publisher." With the next issue, Volume 7, No. 7, the paper began under the new proprietors and publishers, Cheyney and Walcott.

The Valley Review again changed hands, Cheyney and Walcott turning over the Review to Messrs. Bloomer and Moore beginning with the issue



of April 22, 1885.

By September 24, 1885 Gertie DeForce Cluff had bought back material from the suspended Valley Review. There is mention of the fact that in the first six months, the paper was published in Lodi in the office of Al H. Berdine. At this time she obtained a press of her own and the entire publishing was done at her office.

It appears that the Cluffs owned a ranch near Burson, and the Lodi Sentinel announced that Mrs. Cluff had left a sample of early rose potatoes which were raised on their land. Incidentally, it had also been reported that Gertie Cluff would soon start a real estate office at Burson.

Evidently, this venture didn't produce the desired results and Mrs. Cluff was soon back in Lodi and ready for a new venture.

On September 24, 1885, The Lodi Cyclone, published by Gertie Cluff, made its initial appearance. This issue notes that Albert Woods of Lodi was the first subscriber and that Robert Rowe of Stockton became the first advertising patron with S. Marceau of

Clements sending in the first job work.

The only issues of this paper that this writer has seen were at the State Library in Sacramento. This newspaper was quite similar in format to The Valley Review. Frank B. Cluff, a son of Mr. and Mrs. George Cluff, became manager of The Lodi Cyclone at the tender age of eighteen.

In 1886, a Lodi newspaper editor writes: "The Cyclone, in a comical apology of its political attitude, tries to explain where it stands. We should think modesty would forbid our fair competitor straddling all the fences that subdivide the cattle pastures of politics. She rides the Democracy, the prohibition issue and the anti-Chinese non-partisan hobby in true broncharo fashion and at the same time does not blush to essay riding the Republican party in bold side-saddle fashion. It is supposed that such feats are enjoyed by the fair equestrienne as she calls attention to the exhibition which she seemingly is afraid will escape the notice of the public."

The Lodi Cyclone responded to this rally by picturing an old nag and below it printed the following: "Is this the

horse, Brother Ellis, that you rode to the door of the Assembly Chamber a few years ago? Oh, ah, being too "young" he was turned into the party pasture, hence his present appearance.

It was common practice in those days for contemporary editors to poke fun at one another.

On October 1, 1887 the Lodi Sentinel gives forth the information that W.L. Howell & Co. had purchased the Lodi Cyclone from Gertie DeForce Cluff.

The only further data Maurice could glean regarding this paper was that the office was destroyed by fire in 1887, and presumably this concluded the brief span of time in which The Lodi Cyclone was published.

The Lodi Cyclone was quite similar in format to The Lodi Valley Review.

On August 16, 1888, The Valley Review was revived by Frank B. Cluff, son of Gertie DeForce Cluff. It was like its predecessor, a folio issued weekly. It is recorded in 1892 that Gertie Cluff was the associate editor and Laura DeForce Gordon was "Traveling Correspondent."

A short item appeared in the Valley Review of March 17, 1894 which, from



*Pine Street, looking west from the railroad tracks; Saturday afternoon, 1890.*



the style and humorous trend of the writing, probably came from the pen of Gertie Cluff. Her paper was filled with spicy items tinged with humor, while her columns were often adorned with illustrations.

"And in the meantime, *The Review* goes on its merry way, rejoicingly, furnishing people of the Mokelumne Valley with a newspaper at \$2.00 a year payable invariably in advance in either corn, currency, chickens, postage stamps, butter, eggs or anything else we can eat, wear or use for fuel.

Frank Cluff was 21 years of age in 1888 and eight years later he was printing the *Esparto Press* in Yolo County.

After Mrs. Cluff's departure from the publishing and editorial field, little is known about her.

On January 9, 1909 *The Herald*, a Lodi newspaper appeared with a front page news item headed with the following in large capitals: "Mrs. Cluff is dead — Revered Woman is Taken by Death — Was Mother of Loving Qualities, and Distinguished Writer of Merit — Authoress of Marked Ability Wins Rest — Known Throughout State of California.

One of the sweetest souls of Lodi, and, incidentally, one of the brightest women that ever graced this state with

the halo of womanhood, motherhood and grace of pure humanity has passed from life.

With the passing of Mrs. Cluff something more than ordinary eulogies of death must be said, for she was something more than the ordinary mother and wife.

Educated and refined, Mrs. Cluff was a deep student of literature, and was an authoress of no mean merit. Her marked ability during a recent contest of the Sacramento Union stamped her a woman of unusual ability.

Strangely, there wasn't a single statistic given in this brief write-up. And, when Mr. Hill looked for illuminating facts in *The Lodi Sentinel* of the same date, it was to discover that the *Lodi Sentinels* from January to June of 1909 were not there.

The careers of Gertrude (always Gertie) DeForce Cluff and her sister, Laura DeForce Gordon ran in parallel lines in a number of respects; both were gifted, intelligent women; both were publishers; both were extremely interested in politics and worked for the cause of women's suffrage; both were outspoken and fearless in defense of their convictions and both received praise on the one hand for their

superior abilities while having to contend on the other side with the ridicule and abuse heaped on women who dared to enter and compete with men in a so-called man's world. Mrs. Gordon's activities collared the United States while those of Mrs. Cluff were confined to a smaller sphere.

To Mrs. Gertie DeForce Cluff goes much credit and honor in pioneering the first venture into the local newspaper activity, her name and accomplishments secure in the history of Lodi.



*The history of Laura DeForce Gordon will be continued in future issues of the Lodi Historian.*

*The Valley Review* ►  
February 13, 1884



*Early Lodi transportation on dirt streets.*



# The Valley Review.

WE HELP THOSE WHO HELP US.

VOL. VI Lodi, San Joaquin Co., Cal., Wednesday Morning, February 13, 1884. NO. 31.

The Weekly Valley Review.  
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY  
GERTIE D. CLUFF,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

GEORGE F. CLUFF, Business Manager.  
Address, New Review Building, Main  
Street, Lodi.

TERMS:  
One Year (in advance) \$2 50  
Six Months \$1 50

## Railroad Time Table.

TRAINS GOING WEST.  
Local Passenger.....7:13 A. M.  
Local Freight.....11:44 A. M.  
S. F. Express.....12:23 P. M.  
Overland and Emigrant.....7:01 P. M.  
TRAINS GOING EAST.  
Overland Emigrant train due at 5:35 A. M.  
Overland Passenger.....7:58 P. M.  
Local Freight.....7:58 P. M.  
Local Passenger except Sunday 9:15 P. M.

## S. J. & S. N. R. R. Time Table.

Freight and Passenger.....7:14 A. M.  
Passenger.....1:05 P. M.  
Takes effect Monday, Nov. 6.  
STAGE LINES.

Lodi and Woodbridge arrives daily at  
11:30 A. M. and leaves at 1:30 P. M.  
Lodi and New Hope arrives every  
day, Sundays excepted, and leaves Lodi  
immediately after the arrival of the  
P. M. overland passenger train.

## SOCIETIES.

WOODBRIDGE.  
Good Templars meet every Monday evening at  
8 o'clock.  
Odd Fellows meet every Thursday evening in  
their hall.

Woodbridge Grange meets first and third Tues-  
day in each month, at 2 o'clock P. M. in Ma-  
sonic Hall. M. M. Woodruff, Woodbridge,  
Sec., Mrs. E. J. McIntosh, Woodbridge.

Lodi.  
Good Templars meet every Tuesday evening  
at 8 o'clock, in W. H. Baker & Day's Hall.  
Odd Fellows meet every Saturday evening at  
8 o'clock in same hall.

Lodi.  
Odd Fellows meet every Tuesday evening at 8  
o'clock, in the Lodi Hall. Sojourning Brothers  
are invited to attend.  
Good Templars meet every Friday evening at  
same place.

Pythagoras Lodge, No. 41, E. of P., meets  
every Tuesday evening in Lodi Hall at 8 o'clock.  
John Leving, C. C. F. P. Van Velsor, E. of P.  
and B. A. all sojourning Knights invited to attend.  
Ancient Order of United Workmen meet every  
Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, in Lodi Hall.  
Lodi Grange meets second and fourth Satur-  
days of each month at 2 o'clock P. M. in Lodi  
Hall. M. J. D. Hoffman, Lodi; Sec., O. O.  
Lorton, Lodi.

AGEWOOD.  
Odd Fellows meet every Saturday evening  
at 8 o'clock, in Odd Fellow's Hall.  
Good Templars meet every Wednesday evening  
in Good Templar's Hall.

STOCKTON.  
Stockton Grange meets every Saturday at 1  
o'clock, P. M. M. J. Marsh, Stockton, Secre-  
tary; Mrs. L. E. Overhiser, Stockton.

ELLIOTT.  
Elliott Grange meets first Saturday after the  
full moon in each month, at 2 o'clock P. M. in  
Odd-Fellow's hall. M. J. N. Hoyt, Elliott, Sec.;  
H. H. West, Elliott.

WASHINGTON.  
Washington Grange meets first and third  
Saturday of each month. M. Nelson, Dill,  
Dexter; Sec., C. Barnett, Dexter.

## CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Lodi.  
M. E. Church.—Rev. T. B. Palmer, pastor. Serv-  
ices every Sabbath morning and evening.  
Sabbath School at 9:30 o'clock, A. M.  
CONGREGATIONAL.—Sabbath School at 9  
o'clock, A. M.

HARMONY GROVE.  
M. E. Church.—Rev. Edras Smith, pastor.  
Services at 11 o'clock, A. M. every Sabbath.  
Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, A. M.

LOCKSFORD.  
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—Services every  
Sabbath morning and evening. Sunday School  
10 A. M.

## CLIMBING THE ROCKIES.

All night the little engine toiled up the small foot hills, and in the morning she began to climb for business. Before the train was a canyon, and 10,000 feet above was the snow-clad mountains, and this little toy engine had got to haul six cars to the top. It did not seem possible that it could be done, but nothing is impossible in this world, if you stick in your toe nails. It was an up hill business, but by constantly climbing, and never looking back, and winding around the heads of gulches, it was seen that the little engine was conquering. In some places one could see four tracks, one above another, winding around among the mountains, and each track had to be reached in its turn, and at each puff of the iron "burro," we were a little higher. The conductor pointed to something that looked like a long caterpillar away at the top of the mountain, and a black spot about as big as the cover to a blacking-box, near the reptile, and said, "There's the snow shed," and the black spot is the mouth of the Alpine tunnel, and all realized that if we could get up there and go through the tunnel, the summit would be reached, the highest point a rail-  
road train ever was known in America. On went the little cook stove, and in an hour the snow banks were reached, the snow sheds were entered, and the train stopped at the mouth of the tunnel while the passengers washed each others faces in snow, and picked a few flowers growing beside the banks. There was a scene that a person ought to have about half a day to take in properly, and a month to describe. Mountains down stairs now, as well as up stairs, for the higher the train got, the higher were the adjacent mountains. It seemed as though, if you fell off that train, before you had gone down a mile you would run a great big mountain right through yourself. The air was cold, and the train went in the tunnel to get warm, and in five minutes came out on the other side, and the Pacific slope was reached. In the center of the tunnel is the dividing line, and if we had shed tears from both eyes, one tear would have gone down to the Gulf of Mexico, and eventually have found its way to the Atlantic ocean, while the other tear would have gone down the Pacific slope and entered the Pacific ocean. We wanted to cry, just to try the experiment, but having received a dispatch on the train that morning that the loved ones at home were well and happy, the crying utensils would not work, so any persons that may be searching for a couple of salt tears in those two oceans, may get left.—George W. Peck.

## DEAF AND DUMB.

Even scholarly foreigners find it hard to master the English language, and often make amusing mistakes in using its synonyms. The deaf and dumb also find it difficult to express themselves in exact terms, and some of their attempts are very amusing. The following illustrations of their incongruous, though ingenious expressions, are taken from the written exercises of female pupils of a Deaf and Dumb Asylum:  
Describing a circus performance which she had contrived to witness, one wrote, "Three ladies climbed a string, put on a log and fell on a rag."  
Another, on having it explained that the dentist thought it best to extract her teeth, wrote that she "did not want to be an old bald-mouth."

Describing her winter and summer wardrobe, a third wrote, "I have two cold dresses and four hot dresses."  
An impoverished pupil wrote, "I am empty money."

Reproducing the narrative of an ad-  
venture with lions, another pupil wrote,  
"The lion corroded the man."

Not untruthfully a scholar referred to  
Westminster Abbey as "the place  
where England buries her 'Illustrated  
dead.'"

## FISH AND THEIR ENEMIES.

A very short visit to the fisheries ex-  
hibition will satisfy anyone of the pro-  
digious number of enemies, born fisher-  
men all of them, of which our fellow-  
creatures in fins live in dread. Indeed,  
so numerous are they that it almost  
seems a meanness in man, the cleverest  
and strongest of animals, to join in such  
a universal persecution of the fishes.  
Not only do the banks of rivers and  
ports swarm with hostile nations in the  
shape of frogs and birds, and all the  
shores of all the seas, the rocks and  
the islands, teem with myriads of  
hungry nimble fisher-things, voracious  
in appetite and unerring in pursuit, but  
the water itself, both fresh and salt,  
abounds with cannibal tribes that are  
perpetually in pursuit of their weaker  
or less active neighbors. And then  
upon the top of them comes man, with  
his tremendous agencies, scouring the  
seas and rivers and lakes in all direc-  
tions. To meet this universal ichthy-  
ophagy nature has but one resource and  
weapon. She makes fish prolific out of  
all proportion to their destroyers.  
Their fecundity is one of her chief  
miracles. For instance, a cod weighing  
twenty-one pounds has been found to  
contain 11,000,000 of eggs! This single  
fact seems almost enough to turn the  
scale of sympathy against the fishes,  
but when, on the other hand, it is re-  
membered that a solitary porpoise  
would consider 11,000,000 of eggs a  
mere luncheon, the scale wavers again,  
and the prodigious conspiracy of man  
against the creatures of the water  
appears out of all proportion to the  
results likely to be attained. Next one  
remembers that from one single river  
in America 15,000,000 pounds of salmon  
are tinned up for food every year, and  
that yet last year there were more fish  
in the river than the tinning (or "can-  
ning") establishments could manage! Or  
that Frenchmen alone dredge 400,  
000,000 oysters in the season; and the  
immensity of the produce of the sea  
makes the preparations for its harvest-  
ing dwindle again into insignificance.  
But whichever way the doubt turns in  
the end—whether the fish are unfairly  
treated in having all the rest of the  
world at their heels, so to speak, or  
whether, considering their numbers  
and their eminent utility, they do not  
come off better than they deserve, the  
solid fact remains on the mind that fish-  
eries, as one of the world's great indus-  
tries, well deserved such a notable ex-  
position as this now open at South Ken-  
sington.—London Telegraph.

## OLIVE LOGAN REJECTS TROUSERS.

Olive Logan, in a speech at a wom-  
en's meeting, said: "I reject the  
trousers with contempt and scorn.  
Men cut a sufficiently ridiculous figure  
in them themselves. The truth is they  
don't like their own costume and are  
envious of our laces, jewelry, frills and  
dresses. 'Trousers, forsooth, trousers,'  
shake not the ridiculous garment at  
me. No, so long as we can have our  
silks, satins and shawls, we repudiate  
your absurd bifurcated and whiskers.  
Look at your swallow-tailed coats,  
stovepipe hats; and you wear your hair  
so short, some of you, that you look  
precisely like monkeys; and I don't  
wonder that one of your number has  
written a book showing that animal to  
be the father of his race." This speech  
was greeted with laughter and ap-  
plause.—Kansas City Times.

## SUN-SPOTS AND CYCLONES.

The meteorology of the last three  
years had fairly demonstrated the truth  
of the theory that severe storms and  
tornadoes are more numerous and de-  
structive during the periods of maxi-  
mum sun-spots. In observing the sun  
and watching the reports of tornadoes  
during that period, we were struck with  
the invariable coincidence of violent  
storms and tornadoes. It was fair  
to assume that they bore the relation of  
cause and effect. Upon that assump-  
tion predictions were made from time  
to time, with invariable accuracy. We  
ventured to make one prediction by  
telegraph, preceding a week of the  
most violent storms, which ended with  
a tornado that passed but six miles  
from the city of Rochester, in Minne-  
sota, which was reduced to ruins. The  
prediction was accurate; but a few in-  
sufficiently-informed writers treated the  
prediction with unseemly levity with-  
out waiting for the issue. They were  
especially merry over the fact that the  
prediction was for the week, and not  
for any particular day. It would have  
been useless to explain that a sun-spot  
requires more than a week—nearly two  
weeks—to make an apparent passage  
across the sun's disk by the sun's rota-  
tion on its axis. During the entire  
passage changes are liable to occur in  
the spot which will cause the most vi-  
olent electric disturbance on earth. It  
has been noted, however, that the great-  
est danger to be feared upon the first  
appearance of a sun storm is by solar  
ejection. This fact led us to confine the  
prediction to a week, and perhaps it  
could be safe to narrow it down to  
three or four days, as observations in-  
dicate that the tornadoes generally oc-  
cur within three or four days of the ad-  
vent of a sun storm. All this work-  
ing toward scientific facts and scientific  
methods.—Rochester (N. Y.) Demo-  
crat and Chronicle.

## IN A CHINESE DOCTOR'S OFFICE.

A sick Chinaman walked into a  
Chinese store in Mott street, New  
York, pressed his hands against his  
stomach, ran them across his forehead,  
and, in the Celestial tongue, informed  
a wise-looking, fat Mongolian behind  
the counter that he was sick. The  
wise-looking man regarded the sick  
man, through his big, round, horn-  
rimmed spectacles, inspected his  
tongue, placed his hands on his head,  
faced him to the four points of the  
compass, chanted mysteriously at him  
and motioned him to a seat. Then he  
weighed out, in delicate scales, a dozen  
ingredients, wrapped the mass in six  
little cornucopias, tied them up with  
dried grass, pocketed a silver dollar and  
dismissed the patient.  
"What did you give that man a re-  
porter asked.  
"Man he heap sick," said the doctor,  
casting a lugubrious glance at his ques-  
tioner and jerking his words out at rail-  
road speed. "Been heap drunk 'cause  
he hear him mother-in-law die in  
China. Him heap glad! Give um  
mandrake, give him lu-barb, give um  
shrimp and little bit dried snake;  
makee cat plenty glib. Me good doc-  
tor. You like some medicine?"—New  
York Sun.

LAWNS can be cured of ants by blow-  
ing Persian powder into the holes the  
ants make in the ground. Anyway, a  
bedroom where ants have taken to their  
quarters.

QUICK WAXPAPS.—Three cups of flour,  
two cups of milk, two eggs, half a tea-  
spoonful of cream tartar, one table-  
spoonful of melted butter, one saltspoon-  
ful salt. Sift the cream tartar and salt  
into the flour; dissolve the soda in a  
little hot water; beat the eggs; put in  
the flour last.

## PAYING THE DOCTOR.

A stranger journeying in France fell  
sick unto death; his friend called in a  
physician, who, demurred about giving  
his professional services, fearing the  
wherewithal might not be forthcoming  
to settle his bill.  
The friend, producing a 100-franc bill,  
said: "Kill him or cure him, this is  
yours."  
The sick man died and was buried,  
and the doctor, finding his money slow  
to appear, reminded the survivor of the  
debt.  
"Did you cure him?" he asked.  
"No sir."  
"Did you kill him?"  
"Certainly not."  
"Then you have no claim on me, what  
I wish you good day."

## ANOTHER KIND OF DOCTOR'S STORE.

Old Bill McGammon, who keeps a  
grocery store in the suburbs of Austin,  
is one of the closest men in the State of  
Texas, and he abbreviates his words in  
writing. He abbreviated the names on  
the drawers and boxes of contents in his  
grocery, instead of painting the names  
in full. For instance, he pointed out  
the sugar barrel "Br. Sugar," for brown  
sugar, and so on.

One day a foible-looking stranger  
dropped into McGammon's store, and,  
after looking around, said:

"Is Dr. Prunes in?"  
Old McGammon stared, and said he  
reckoned not.  
"Is Dr. Codfish in, then?" asked the  
stranger.  
"No, he is not," said old McGam-  
mon, emphatically.  
"Then tell Dr. Cherries I would like  
to see him if he is at leisure."  
"You got out of here. I believe you  
have escaped from the lunatic asylum.  
This ain't no medicine college; this is a  
grocery," retorted Old McGammon,  
getting red in the face.

"If this is a grocery store, then you  
had better carry back them doctors'  
signs to where you stole them from," re-  
sponded the stranger, strolling out.  
Old McGammon looked where the  
stranger had pointed, and for the first  
time noticed the result of his abbreviat-  
ing the word "Dried" into "Dr.," for  
on the drawers he read, in large letters,  
Dr. Prunes, Dr. Peaches, Dr. Codfish,  
Dr. Cherries, Dr. Pass, Dr. Apples, Dr.  
Geef.—Texas Siftings.

Seldom in the history of journalism  
has a newspaper been issued under  
greater difficulties and amid less con-  
genial surroundings than the *News of  
the Camp*, which was published during  
the 100 days' siege of Pretoria. The  
editor thus describes the conditions un-  
der which the feat was accomplished:  
"A bungalow for a printing office, with  
canyas thrown over its unfinished roof,  
through which the rain freely penetra-  
ted, a gentle waterpot running down  
the compositor's back as he stood with  
a bandolier of Martini-Henry cartridges  
over his shoulder, his white apron for a  
uniform, composing stick in hand and  
his rifle lying suggestively near his  
printing frame; the editor's quar-  
ters, an army-bed tent and a transport  
wagon, the space between ingeniously  
roofed in with a tattered sail stretched  
on telegraph poles; their work, editing  
a paper by day and on guard up to the  
knee in mud by night, or sleeping in a  
pair of leather breeches, long boots and  
jack-boots." The forty numbers, 480  
pages each, footsack size, have re-  
cently appeared in bound form, em-  
bellished with fourteen photographic il-  
lustrations of the siege.

A RELIGIOUS life is like a river which  
• idens continually as it pulls on to the  
• shores of eternity.





▲ Main Street, looking north from Pine Street; before 1910. Keagle Bros. Grocery is on the corner, Joe Hinode Company next, and Cary Bros. Water Tank on the left.



◀ Taking a break while loading Lodi's famous watermelons.



Pine and Sacramento Streets. Hotel on the left and bank across the street with horse-drawn dray of Lodi Fruit in between.

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